

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,  
The selfe same Gods that armde the Queene of Troy  
With oportunitie of sharpe reuenge  
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,  
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,  
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)  
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

*Enter the sonnes of Andronicus againe.*

*Lucius.* See Lord and father how we haue performd  
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,  
And intrals feede the sacrificing fire,  
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie,  
Remaineth nought but to interre our bretheren,  
And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.

*Titus.* Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*  
Make this his latest farewell to theyr soules.

*Sound trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.*

In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes,  
Romes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,  
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:  
Here lurks no treason, here no enuie swels,  
Here grow no damned grudgges, here are no stormes,  
No noyse, but silence and eternall sleepe,  
In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes.

*Enter Lavinia.*

*Lavi.* In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,  
My noble Lord and Father liue in fame:  
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,  
I render for my bretherens obsequies:  
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy  
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.  
O bleste me heere with thy victorious hand,  
whose fortunes Romes best Citizens applauid.

*Titus.* Kind Rome, that hast thus louingly reserued  
The

*of Titus Andronicus.*

The cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,  
*Lavinia* liue, outline thy fathers dayes,  
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

*Marcus.* Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,  
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

*Titus.* Thankes gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*

*Marcus.* And welcome Nephews from successfull wars,  
You that suruiue, and you that sleepe in fame:  
Fairst Lords your fortunes are alike in all,  
That in your Countries seruice drew your swords.  
But safer triumph is this funerall pompe,  
That hath aspired to *Solons* happines,  
And triumphs ouer chaunce in honors bed.

*Titus Andronicus*, the people of Rome,  
Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,  
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,  
This Palliament of white and spotlesse hue,  
And name thee in election for the Empire,  
With these our late deceased Emperours sonnes:  
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,  
And helpe to set a head on headles Rome.

*Titus.* A better head her glorious body fits,  
Then his, that shakes for age and feeblenes:  
What should I d'on this robe and trouble you,  
Be chosen with proclamations to day,  
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,  
And set abroad new busines for you all.  
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,  
And led my Countries strength successefully,  
And buried one and twenty valiant sonnes,  
Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,  
In right and seruice of their noble Countrie:  
Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,  
But not a scepter to controule the world,

B

Vpright